

TWO PARTINGS.

[Edward B. Clark in Life.]
 "Give me a kiss, that going home
 My footstep fall on air;
 Give me the red-tipped mountain-rose
 That nestles in your hair."
 Her cheek upturned took the flower's hue
 At the touch of her lover's lips;
 The rose unbound, as it swept her face,
 Caught the blush on the petals' tips.
 "Give me a kiss, I am going home;
 The links in my life's chain break.
 A kiss and a flower, my love from you
 Will the pain from my parting take."
 Her lover bent low, as an angel light
 Came into her closing eyes.
 A kiss—the rose at her cheek he placed,
 But its petals, alas, were white.

WHY THE SAFE WAS OPEN.

Rare Jewels Left Insecure to Insure the Personal Safety of a Wife.

[Elmira (N. Y.) Cor. New York Sun.]
 The fact that the recent robbery of \$5,000 worth of diamonds from the residence of the Hon. C. C. B. Walker, in Corning, during his absence, was committed with the greatest ease, because the safe in which the jewelry was kept was not locked, has given rise to much surprise and unfavorable comment. No one could understand how a man of the ex-congressman's strict business methods could be so careless and thoughtless in regard to the protection of his household treasures, especially as many of them, through association and long family possession, had a value to him much beyond their intrinsic worth. When questioned on the subject by a friend, the latter was still further surprised to be told by Mr. Walker that the fact of the safe being left open was not the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness, but was left open by his express order and direction.

"When I am home," said the ex-congressman, "I always lock the safe and put the key away. When I go away from home it is understood in my house that the safe must not be locked. You will remember that when the Wellsboro bank was robbed a few years ago the cashier and members of his family were treated with great cruelty and violence by the robbers because of their resisting the demands for the keys to the vaults and safe. That set me to thinking, and one day I said to my wife: 'We have some things in that safe which are very valuable and very dear to us. Now, it is only a question of time when some ruffian or ruffians will come after them. If I am home the chances are that they will not get them; but I may be away at the time. If they come then, and find that safe locked, they will hesitate at no personal violence toward you in their efforts to effect an entrance to it. All the precious relics and treasures in the world would not be recompense for the results of such treatment. Therefore, when I am absent from home the safe must not be locked. Then if robbers come they will secure their booty and retire without disturbing you.' Robbers came while I was away, secured the booty, and left without disturbing Mrs. Walker or any one else. They were even considerate enough to administer ether to my wife, for fear of disturbing her. Suppose that safe had been locked. I don't care to even conjecture what the consequences might have been, and I feel that in saving my family from them the paying of \$5,000 was a trifling matter."

How Came Portraits are Made.

[Chicago Tribune.]
 "Yes, sir, I am the artist who cut it," said the tall, shaggy-bearded, elderly man with weary eyes. It was a cameo a trifle larger than a silver dollar. The likeness—that of a well-known man—was very good, and the details and finish of the work seemed to the unskilled and uncritical reportorial mind very good.

"I am one of the few cameo-cutters in America," said the old man, "and, except a bare few, they all do as I do—travel from city to city and solicit orders. I have cut about 200 cameos in Chicago. I cut over 300 in St. Louis, and did best of all in New York and Philadelphia. Though I did not while there cut very many cameos, I made the most money in Cuba. The Cubans were willing to pay liberally—much more so than the people of this country are."

"How do I work? I have a few more tools than the first cutters and gravers did—those who lived in ancient Rome—but not many. My tools are simple, hardly worth description. A few sharp-edged tools, a little emery, oil, and polishing instruments—that's all. Where do I get the stone I use? It is more properly a shell, since only few people will pay enough to warrant the use of onyx. I get it from a certain part of Germany. The outer layer is white, and out of this I cut the profile, cutting away the white part until I reach the black lower layer. It takes me about a week to finish such a head as this, and for it I get about \$25. It is not what you might call an easy trade. It is hard on the eyes, hard on the patience, hard on your chances of becoming independent."

"Are American profiles good subjects? The best in the world as a rule. Their features—especially young women's and girls' features—are distinct, clear, you might say sharp. While there is hardly any one type of beauty that is widespread, there are thousands of beautiful women and men, too, in this land whose features it is a pleasure for an artist to transfer to this everlasting stone, even if his reward is only slight."

A New Burglar Alarm.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]
 The authorities at St. Giles, in Belgium, have supplied the police on night duty with cloth boots having India rubber soles. With these boots the police are so perfectly noiseless that they are at least placed on a footing of equal advantage with burglars.

Water-Melon Headquarters.

[North American.]
 Melon-growers, too, are forming one of those "pools" into which our industry is eddying. Atlanta is to be the headquarters of 249 distributing centers to a population of over 5,000,000 people through the northwest.

CARRIERS' SECRETS.

The Devices of People Who Hold Clandestine Correspondence.

The Lesson Which Postal Clerks and Letter Carriers Quickly Learn—The Ingenuity of Secret Correspondents.

[New York Letter.]

"There is not a letter-carrier in the city but who is the custodian of the secrets of some one on his route," said a well known postal official. "What a sensation they could create if what they knew could be revealed at one time. The divorce courts would be overcrowded, and rivals for maidens' affections would be parading the streets, armed to the teeth, looking for the other fellow. But there is a barrier to these revelations. The postal laws strictly provide that a carrier must never tell of what he sees, repeat what he hears, nor make public in any manner the address upon a letter. When notified to deliver letters only to the person to whom addressed, it is enjoined upon him to remember this rule, especially as regards members of the same family. Well do I remember, when I was a carrier, a certain maiden on Broad street was receiving letters from a father and son. Whether one knew that the other was writing to the girl I do not know, but this I saw several times: When she received a note from the old gentleman she was very delicate in her movements, but when I handed her one from her son she was out of the house in a jiffy."

"One of the most annoying things to the carriers is the impudence of 'mashers.' I have had these fellows intercept me and offer five dollars or ten dollars if I would tell who such a lady was, and whether she were married or not. I remember one lady in particular, who came here from a neighboring city and stopped at the residence of a millionaire. She was a magnificent woman. A man would hardly pass her without turning around to take a second look. The mashers nearly went crazy over her, and one met me at nearly every street corner on my route with some question regarding her. I came near getting into half a dozen fights over her, and was glad when she went home. But the devices of married men and women who are holding clandestine correspondence, are ingenious. All such people stand upon a volcano, not knowing the minute it will begin to send forth fire and a ruined reputation. One man used to beg me every day 'for God's sake don't let my wife get hold of my letters.' The woman was as smart as her husband. She was also holding a secret correspondence, and I was in that, too. She did not want her husband to know of it. I took good care of both, and they enjoyed cheating each other. At one time I have known on my route half a dozen ladies who were resting under the belief that their husbands were holding a correspondence which should not be carried on. Each one would give me minute directions that if I received a letter from such and such a place to be sure and hand it to her, as it was important and interested both. No doubt it did, but then I didn't think three should take a hand in the business; only the husbands received the dainty epistles."

"But the increased facilities of the new office offer the most extended opportunities for sly work. Boxes are cheap, and the latest trick now is for husbands to have their tender epistles sent to these boxes. They have the key and no one else can get into it. If the wife happens to find the key, why, she is easily satisfied by being told that it belongs to a door at the store, or the safe, or something of that sort. You see, only one clerk or so knows anything of your letters. No one has an idea where you live or anything else. But then, postal clerks and letter carriers learn quickly. Traveling salesmen are becoming heavy patronizers of the boxes since they have become cheap. The excuse for these gentry is that they receive letters that they do not wish to be sent home. So the envelopes are dropped into their boxes, and when they return from their tours they find bundles of letters and no one to ask questions that might bother them to answer."

A Triumph of Surgical Skill.

[The Lancet.]

Shorn of technicalities, these are the essential facts of the case: A young woman having become unable to swallow, in consequence of extreme narrowing of the opening from the gullet to the stomach, wasting of the body and loss of power threatened death. Prof. Loreta made an opening into the body over the stomach, then freely cut into it, introduced an instrument through the narrowed opening from the gullet, and widened it after the fashion of a glove-stretcher. The wounds were closed by stitches and the patient allowed to wake from her thirty minutes' painless slumber under chloroform. The happy result was soon proved by the patient swallowing three tablespoonfuls of water with perfect ease, whereas before the operation she could only take a few drops of broth at a time. Recovery was complete within five weeks. As to the authenticity of the facts there can be no question, the operation having been performed by the professor of surgery in the university of Bologna, which is one of the oldest and most celebrated seats of learning in Europe.

Lord Ronald Gower, F. S. A., has written what he calls his "Reminiscences." He says: "I grant that the Americans we meet on the Continent of Europe are often offensive in manner, and give a very unfavorable impression of their country, both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but, believe me, these are the exceptions. As a rule, they are those who have made fortunes which they know not how to spend, and therefore have come over to the Old World, which they astonish with their vagaries and extravagances."

The Lion-Tamer's Marriage.

[Paris Cor. New Orleans Picayune.]

The latest marriage in the monde artistique is that of Mlle. Nouma-Hawa, an English girl who has made a reputation and fortune as a lion-tamer and serpent-charmer. Her husband is a man named Boulter, a widower, and this will not be the first time that he has had to do with lion-tamers. His first wife was a certain Mme. Lecuyer, well known in all the traveling shows and fairs of France as an adept in that line, and as her husband had some money they were able to mount a menagerie of wild beasts on a scale that had never before been seen by the public of the provinces.

The success of the show was very great, and this fact made Mme. Boulter-Lecuyer so proud that she became unbearable, and rendered her husband's lot anything but a happy one. When he ventured to remonstrate she would answer that she was the man of the house; that he was worse than useless; as he did not dare to venture into the monkeys' cage. To this argument Boulter would make no answer, but one day when the "queen of the lions," as his wife called herself on the bills, so far forgot herself as to box his ears, he picked up a horsewhip and went for her. Surprised at this turn of affairs, the "queen" sought refuge in a cage containing three lions; but when she turned round to taunt her husband and dare him to follow her a cry of astonishment broke from her lips. Carried away by his anger, Boulter had forgotten his usual timidity, and whip in hand had followed her into the cage, where he proceeded to administer such a vigorous horsewhipping to his better half that even the animals were overawed and retired into one corner.

When he had worked out his anger by this vigorous process, Boulter began to look about him. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "Why, I am a lion-tamer, also; these animals are afraid of me." From that day he regularly accompanied his wife into the cages, and never did one of their beasts dare to turn on him, while to the end of her days he kept his wife in a wholesome subjection by a liberal use of the whip. When the "queen" died Boulter retired from the profession, but accident led him to the Foire aux Pains d'Epices a few weeks ago, and there he was so struck with Mlle. Nouma-Hawa's exhibition that he secured an introduction, which was followed by an offer of his heart, hand, and fortune.

How Gun-Barrels are Made.

The beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternately arranged together, and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed.

The last, or finishing operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. There are various ways of "choking" gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gunmakers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard, and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best.

A Norwegian Superstition.

[Chicago Times.]

When the Norwegian farmer's wife begins her dairying in the summer, and the herds have been driven to the upland pastures, she takes special pains in making the first cheese, for it is for Nipen, the old Norse wool and water spirit. The offering is taken in the dusk of evening to a high, bare rock, and left there. Sometimes a sweet-take, in the making of which every maiden must assist, and a can of ale is added to the feast for Nipen. In the morning it is gone, and the farmer's wife is sure that her cows will give down rich milk, that her lambs will not perish in untimely storms, and that her good man's boat on the fiord will bring him safely home. She has given "hostages" to Nipen.

Andrew Lang: All novels are good if they amuse us and awaken our sympathy with men, and take us out of ourselves, and away from this world of cares.

STENOGRAPHY AT WASHINGTON.

How the Work is Done on the Congressional Record.

[Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.]

The cream, however, of shorthand writing in Washington is obtained from the government. The President, all of the cabinet officers, the heads of bureaus, each of the seventy-six senators, and the chairman of committees in the house of representatives, have clerks or private secretaries who receive salaries of from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year, and the stenographic work for the Congressional Record costs a cool \$9,000 every session. The resident stenographer has an annual salary of \$1,800, Secretary Folger's \$2,000, Secretary Lincoln's \$1,000, and Secretary Gresham's \$1,800. The shorthand man of the bureau of engraving and printing gets \$1,600 annually, the one of the civil-service commission \$1,600, and the one employed by the commissioner of internal revenue \$1,800. Private secretaries of senators and committee clerks are paid \$5 a day, and some of them are employed the year round.

It costs \$24,000 to print The Congressional Record, and this does not include the \$50,000 paid for the official reporting of congress. Twenty-five thousand dollars is allowed for the reporting of the debates of each house. In the senate the contract is given to one man, Mr. Dennis Murphy, who employs a certain number of assistants to help him, and in the house five official stenographers are employed at a salary of \$5,000 a year each.

The reporters of the house sit at a long, low table below the speaker's desk, facing the members. They use foolscap paper, and write with both pen and pencil. They take turns in reporting the proceeding. One man will write for an hour, say, and then go off to a little room in the basement of the capitol, where the matter is to be written out in longhand, and another man will take his place. These reporters must be very expert, and must be able to take 200 or more words a minute. During an excited debate speeches are delivered even faster than this, and in animated colloquies they have to leave their tables and stand or sit among the members speaking, in order that nothing may be missed. Sometimes it happens that certain passages occurring in debate are left out, but this is oftener due to the desires of the speakers than to the negligence or inefficiency of the reporters.

These official reporters do not write their notes out into longhand themselves. In the transcribing-room in the basement they have a number of shorthand amanuenses, and to these they read their notes. These transcribers, whose salaries range, perhaps, from \$15 to \$25 a week, take down the notes in their shorthand, and then write them out in longhand for the printers. So you see a congressman's speech is written out twice in shorthand and once in longhand before it goes to the printer. The notes as written out are carefully revised by the official reporter before being sent to the printers. All of the proceedings and speeches of congress to-day will be given in full in The Congressional Record of to-morrow morning, and when it is considered that this record often embraces more than 100 pages as large as the pages of the biggest family Bible, closely printed in two columns of small type, some idea can be gained of the immense work it represents.

The senate reporting is done in the same manner as that of the house as far as the work is concerned, and it is a curious fact that Dennis F. Murphy, the chief of the reporters here, and Mr. McElhone, the chief of the reporters of the house, were in the same stenographic class in Philadelphia in 1848.

Character in the Face.

[N. Y. Mail and Express Interview.]

In the proud, dogmatic man, the long Roman nose may be found. A man who is wilful, with large firmness, will have a long, strong, stiff upper lip. One who is affectionate, loving, will have plump, rolling red lips. One who is a true, staunch friend will have a full and prominent chin. A good talker has a full and protruding eye. Men with dark, coarse hair, and rough, bony faces are adapted to the rugged and stern duties of life. They are not quick or sensitive, not often refined, but they are men who tunnel the mountains, quarry the rocks, construct railroads, and are masters of men. Those with fine hair and skin and delicate features are the poets, the artists, the refined of the world. While those who have red faces, blue eyes, stout necks, broad chests, fat hands, and more weight than wisdom, enjoy the physical pleasures of life, and are jolly good fellows, rarely wicked except through voluptuousness.

Central American Cotton.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

While at Gamboa I noticed that wild cotton grows abundantly in that locality. I brought back to Panama some specimens, which I plucked from the bushes, for this cotton grows to the height of ten feet and upward, and forms quite a good sized bush. I never saw its like elsewhere in south-western states. The quality is good, too, as I will prove to you by sending a bit of the cotton in this letter. Why do not the natives cultivate it?

Answer: Too lazy.

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